

THE MAGAZINE OF THE  
STORE AND STAFF



### **A WOMAN STOOD AT THE GOLDEN GATE—**

A woman stood at the Golden Gate,  
Her face was gnarled and old,  
She looked towards the Man of Fate,  
For admission to the Fold.

“What have you been ?” St. Peter asked,  
“To seek admission here ?”  
“I’ve been a department manager’s wife,” she said,  
“For many a weary year.”

The Golden Gate flew open wide,  
As St. Peter touched the bell,  
“Step in,” he said, “and choose your harp,  
You’ve served your time in ——!”



# SERVICE.

The Staff Magazine  
of the House of  
H. & J. SMITH, LTD.

JUNE  
1952

Editor : ERIC I. ROBERTSON

Gore Editor : Dennis Kelly

Social Reporters : Fay Keane  
Jean Beadle



## MORE VALUABLE THAN MONEY



Two visits to U.S.A. in the past eighteen months provided striking illustrations of the emphasis placed on service in so many of those wonderfully fine stores. "Give the lady what she wants," was the slogan of Marshall Field and Co., early in the last century. Field's enormous store in Chicago today is ample evidence of the esteem in which they are held. "You can buy most things a few cents less in so and so's store there," said the bus driver over his speaker system as he drove us round Chicago for two hours between our arrival and departure early one morning, "but if you go to OUR Marshall Fields and pay the other cent or two, you have their guarantee against ANY disappointment," he concluded.

What a wonderful goodwill to possess. And, you know, it is not the things that money pays for that make a store great. The welcoming smile. The cheerful helpfulness. The determination to find what is wanted and feel sure it is the best the customer can buy (and if you don't have what is asked for, to take immediate steps with your department head to see that it is obtained). The friendly understanding of any complaint and willingness to rectify it. The acceptance of privileges as a responsibility to do the right thing. To value time as one would value money. To see the best in people whether customer or fellow worker. The genuine "thank you." These are the simple qualities that make a business great and give satisfaction and dignity to one's job.

This outlook has long been the one that has been advocated here — and as long as it is advocated people will come because they like coming here. Having the right human outlook ensures the right outlook in gaining and keeping people as customers.

—J. S. ROBBIE.



The Manchester goes modern in display and selling facilities. The photograph shows one side only of the new Department.





Mr. Lyall Henderson with Mr. King, of Savage and Phillips, in Holland.  
They are having a cup of tea at a railway station.

## Mr. Henderson kept his head cool and his feet hot . . .

*(Owing to an unforeseen delay in the publication of "Service," Mr. Henderson will be home before we come off the press. However, because these extracts from recent letters are so interesting, we have decided to leave them as they are.)*

"The size of London does give one a tremendous amount of running about from one supplier to another. Getting through business here takes twice as long as it would in New Zealand. What with the large ranges of merchandise to get through, it's surprising I get through even three calls a day. The evenings also are rather hectic, trying to work in a show of some kind or do my homework or taking a look at some of the places of note."

"The only time I had available to see Buckingham Palace was 11 o'clock one evening, the front and the entrance was lit up and it was very impressive; a terribly cold night and those poor Sentries have to march up and down all night! I don't envy them one little bit."

"The subway here is really wonderful. There is only about 18 inches clearance all round in the tunnels, and when a train is coming into the station at about 40 miles an

hour, it pushes a terrific amount of air ahead of it and one has to hang on to one's hat. When leaving the station, the same happens in reverse, and it is hard to say which is the worst—the suction or the wind. The stations are about 60 feet underground and one either goes down by lift or (in most cases) by escalator."

"Apart from seeing the world-famous city streets such as Oxford Street, Bond Street, Marble Arch, Baker Street, Downing Street (I took a photo of number 10) and many others, I haven't yet managed to see many of the historic points of interest. Hope to work these in in the near future."

"Manchester I thought, was a most interesting place. Such large buildings and the names of quite a number give me a thrill as they are the people I have been doing business with for the last twenty years; such

names as Stott and Smith, Barlow and Jones, Simpson and Godlee, Calico Printers Association, Brown, Jackson, Ashton Brothers, and dozens of others."

"Some of the showrooms here are really wonderful. C.P.A., for instance, has a showroom 120 feet by 30 feet with all products beautifully displayed. All doors into this room are worked on the light-ray principle. About 6 feet back from each door on either side are low posts with a light at the top shining across the path of entry, and when the beam of light is broken as one walks past, the door automatically opens. The whole process is rather uncanny."

"I hired a car here for Easter, and it has been simply wonderful, motor-ing through this English countryside. With its typical old farm-houses, stone fences and winding, undulating roads, it is really lovely. So far I have been to Blackburn,



Manchester Department.—

Messrs. W. Jones, N. Dixon, I. Rance, E. Healey, Mrs. M. Thompson  
and Mr. T. Todd.



Bury, Chester (with its river Dee), Rochdale (the home of Gracie Fields), and I suppose you have heard of that saying—"Go to Halifax"—well, I have been there too. My camera has been working overtime on these trips and I hope to have some good pictures to give you an idea of the country and villages here. There are no such things as verandahs here on any of the shops or houses, a thing I can't quite get used to."

"All villages I have been to here have houses which are built flush with the pavement. One step out the front door and one is in the street. The smoky atmosphere here has got to be seen to be believed. One day it was so dark through heavy fog keeping the smoke low down, it was like night with even the street-lights on."

"On Saturday, I went to a Point-to-Point race meeting at the invitation of a business friend here. At 9 o'clock in the morning, I was picked up by a bus and it was a

real luxury liner. I was the only passenger until we reached a country inn called 'The Whipping Stocks.' Here all passengers congregated. They were a very wealthy lot, who, I learnt, went to this meeting each year. They arrived in their Bentleys, Rolls Royces, Daimlers and Fast M.G.'s and other makes of sports cars which they left at 'The Whipping Stocks' and boarded the bus. About an hour and a half ride into Cheshire and we came to the place where this meeting was to be held. Beautiful English country and all bookies, cars and buses were parked on high ground overlooking a course which was ordinary farm land with brush hurdles specially prepared as fences for this occasion. This was my first experience out with what appeared to be local millionaires and I was fairly staggered with the organisation. There were two waiters with the bus, and when we stopped, they got busy and erected a row of tables, complete



A corner of the Staff Cafeteria.

with tablecloths along one side of the bus, and to my amazement, set out on these the best selection of drinks I have seen in years."

"They had cases of everything—whiskey, gin, beer, wines, brandy, soda syphons and tonic waters. On top of all this, more card tables were placed on top of the backs of the seats in the bus, again complete with tablecloths, and on these a meal fit for a king. There were several kinds of pies such as ham and egg, bacon and egg, tomato and egg, and so on, also 15-20 chickens, large quantities of ham, tomatoes and cucumber. Sweets were in the form of small fresh fruit custards, and to finish up with, about 6 kinds of cheese with biscuits and coffee. The meal was a buffet affair. One stood in the aisle of the bus and with these tables on both sides, just helped oneself. I was very interested in the bookmakers here and their method of passing the odds from one to the other by signals. These signals are

known as 'tic tac.' I won three pounds for the day, so was thoroughly satisfied with my outing."

"Next morning, Sunday, I left Manchester for London where I arrived about 2 o'clock, so decided to have a look at the Tower of London. Went for a launch trip up the Thames and passed the Houses of Parliament, which are really marvellous, also the remains of the Festival of Britain buildings which, including the big cigar or Pylon, look very impressive. The London Tower Bridge, the lines of barges, the various types of ships coming and going and the large warehouses along the banks were all very interesting to me."

"Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, I spent at the offices of Savage and Phillips, and had a stream of factory representatives with samples to show me, so I was flat out. I didn't get away from the offices each night until 6 o'clock, making quite a habit of being last out.



Corsetry Department.—

Misses M. Cowley, M. Mayers, R. Fowle, V. George and M. Glennie.





"Thursday, Mr. King and I took off by plane for Holland and landed at Amsterdam at 1.30. What a beautiful country! I have not seen anything like the tulip fields which at present, are in full bloom. The grass in the fields is terrific, at least 6 to 12 inches long everywhere. Simply thousands of irrigation canals and thousands of freisian cattle. This country being 15 to 20 feet below sea level in most places, accounts for the amazing growth of all grass, crops, flowers and vegetables, not to mention the many beautiful flowering trees."

"Undoubtedly Holland is the most beautiful country I have seen so far. There are no dirty houses or buildings, nor are there any I have seen that are in need of a paint. Everywhere, the condition of buildings

and the cleanliness everywhere is most noticeable. I am now in Enschede, and today is the Queen's birthday, so there is quite an array of flags."

"I believe tonight, there will be a big procession with several bands, so this should be worth seeing. Tomorrow, I am going into Germany, which is only five miles away from here, and I hope to see Munster, which was badly bombed during the war."

"Friday, on to Brussels, and from there to Paris, then back to London."

"I will try and write again if possible, but it is a terrific scramble on these trips. So far, we have been doing four calls a day and that leads to a lot of work in the evenings, after which, I fairly drop into bed."

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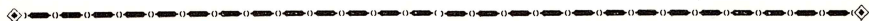


Display Department—

Back Row.—Messrs. C. Jensen, A. Bouwman, W. Lock.

Front Row.—Messrs. H. Simpson, A. Stevens, Misses J. Simpson, N. Hamilton and E. Jenkin.

(Absent).—Mr. I. Wright.





**"I'm  
the  
nice  
customer"**

I'm the "nice" customer. You all know me. I am the one who never complains, no matter what kind of service I get.

I'll go into a restaurant and I'll sit while the waitress gossips with her friends and never bothers to serve me. But I don't say a word—I just wait. If the soup is cold, or the cream sour, I try to be nice about it.

It's the same when I go to a store. I don't throw my weight around. I try to be thoughtful about the other person. If I get a salesgirl who becomes "uppity" because I want to look at several things, I am polite as I can be. I don't believe that rudeness is the answer—you see, I wasn't brought up that way. I seldom take anything back to a store,

because I often find people so disagreeable about such things, but one day I did take back a pair of nylons. I had bought two pairs in a box, and one pair had a run in them. The girl crossly told me it was my fault. I guess it was, for I hadn't examined them before I bought them. But I didn't make a fuss about it. I just decided to take the loss myself.

A short time later I bought a toaster that burned out after I had it only two weeks. I certainly hated to take that back. But I thought maybe they would know where to send it and I could pay for having it repaired. I didn't get the chance to tell them this, they were so busy telling me I had burned it



out on purpose. I couldn't think of anything to do but leave. So I quietly walked out.

I never kick. I never nag. I never criticise and I wouldn't dream of making a scene. No. I'm the "nice" customer.

But I'll tell you what else I am—  
I'm the customer who never comes  
back.

That's all I do—I just never come back. But, unfortunately, a dissatisfied customer like myself, multiplied by others like me, can just about ruin a business.

I often wonder why they spend so much money on expensive advertising trying to get us back when they could have kept us in the first place by a few words and a smile !

The frequently repeated statement: "People will do anything for money" lacks a great deal of truth. A lot of people won't work for it.

*Sunday-School Teacher* : “Who can tell me why Noah took two of each kind of animal into the ark ?”

*Bright Child* : “He didn’t believe the story about the stork.”

The weaker sex is often the stronger sex because of the weakness of the stronger sex for the weaker sex.

What's the good of happiness, it won't buy money.



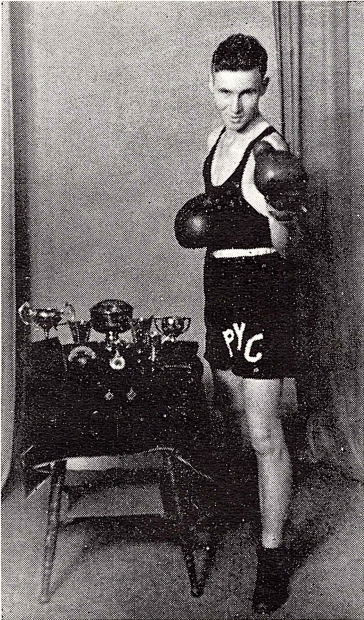
**Extract from Press Report—**

—“It gave me no pleasure whatever,” was Mr. Robbie’s comment on a bull fight at which he was present in Mexico City. “I was very glad to get away before the end.”

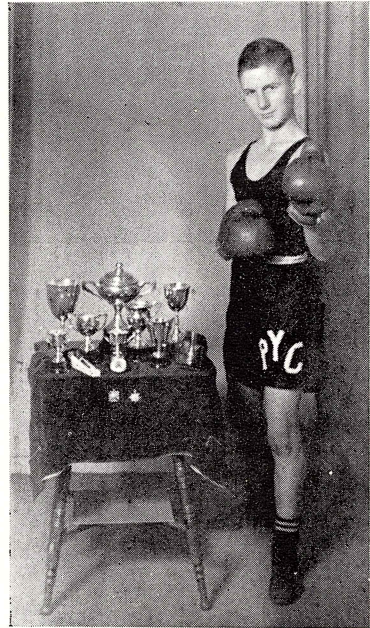
## **Welcome to the Healey Brothers, who, in sport, believe in give and take . . .**

A friend of ours, an official of the Otago Boxing Association, gave "Service" the boxing records of those two quiet lads, John and Eugene Healey, who joined our staff some time ago. They are two of a boxing family of four brothers, trained by their father. They came to Inver-

cargill from the West Coast (they were formerly in Port Chalmers), and should be an acquisition to Southland boxing. We wish John (Dress Fabrics), and Eugene (Manchester) a very successful season.



This is John Healey, who is 17 years of age. To date, he has had 17 bouts with 12 wins and 5 losses. John has been a competitor in Cycling track events also, and last year won the Buller Junior half mile and one mile championships.



Eugene Healey is 15 years of age. He has had 13 bouts and won 11, lost 1 and drawn 1. On the occasion of the drawn bout, he was awarded the cup for the most scientific boxer of the tournament. Eugene has made a good start in Southland, winning his first contest.

(Incidentally, the PYC stands for Police Youth Club, of which their father was boxing instructor.)



# A page from a Store Sketch Book



Sketches by  
"Lowe"





## THIS FREEDOM . . .

In contrast to many stores, particularly overseas, there is no rigid staff discipline at H. & J. Smith, Ltd. Certain rules there must be, of course, but ours is a store of freedom, of trust, between management and staff.

This is a privilege we enjoy today largely because in past years loyal staff members with a sense of responsibility were quick to check any of their number who were not playing the game. It is a privilege that has been earned ; it is a privilege that has to be guarded by those who benefit from it.

Any slackness, any form of dishonesty, reflects upon the team as a whole, and in H. & J. Smith, Ltd., the team has always been swift to resent it. "Service" believes that this team spirit is just as alive today as it always was, but a word or two of friendly warning to younger members may be timely.

No one here is expected to be a "snooper," a carrier of tales, because this would not be in keeping with our heritage of freedom and would immediately be frowned upon and discouraged . . . unless of course, it is a matter of great and immediate importance such as only an executive can handle.

Smith's of Southland always has been, and is today, a happy store—a store of mutual trust in which everybody works together towards one ideal—to make it a good store to work in and a good store in which to shop.

Let us keep it so. After all, when it comes to the freedom from irksome discipline that we enjoy, it's up to us, isn't it ?

—THE EDITOR.







Mail Order Department.—

Miss J. Jackson, Mr. T. Berragan, Misses C. O'Brien and V. Prebble.

(Absent).—Miss C. Barlow.

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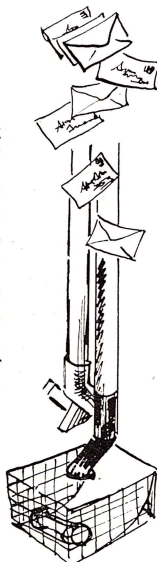
## Patricia pays a visit to the Mail Order Department . . .

Dear Jessie, Jocelyn,  
Jane and H.H.,

My country friend Mary, came in to see me for the day and declared that part of the time she wanted to go sightseeing round H. & J. Smith's. "Especially the Mail Order Department," she said, "I write to them so often and talk to their Dorothy Smith by telephone and get such a lot of service from them that I'd like to see the place." The Mail Order Department received us most kindly and the whole intricate workings were shown to us.

"Now tell me," said Mary, "Just what happened—say when my last letter came for a cap for John and a jersey for Jennifer." "Firstly, it would be received by the main office,

recorded and sent down to us by tube," smiled our new friend. It was Dorothy Smith herself. "We immediately 'went shopping' for you. We have five shoppers who go into every department, all fourteen of them. Yours would be easily done if you told us John's head size and Jennifer's measurements and the colour you liked. But if you didn't, then we'd have to do a bit of sleuthing, or use our imagination, judgment and good sense. We really do get results





even then, for we have many letters of grateful thanks which quite lighten our day to receive."

"Well I do hope I DID send John's head size," said Mary suddenly assailed with doubt. "That would be nothing, laughed Dorothy Smith, "Occasionally folk forget to sign their names!" We then saw just how the parcels were packed, labelled, weighed and franked, and finally routed by bus, rail or post. The latter went out twice daily. "It is such a help when clients tell us by what method they want the parcel sent," we were told. "Actually,"

instance, look at this," Dorothy Smith pointed to a twelve foot high package by the door. "We've got to see if the driver is willing to take this one. He has every reason to turn us down." But before we left, the carpet, for that's what it was, had gone.

Dorothy Smith left us constantly to take telephone orders which came from far and wide. She seemed to find it so easy to be constantly courteous, friendly and helpful. Her special telephone enabled her to contact any department while the



Dorothy said, "our work wouldn't be possible but for the marvellous co-operation of the bus drivers and Post Office and Railway Officials. For

customer waited on the line. It meant reliable, up-to-the-minute information was available about any article, all in the matter of moments.

It was tremendously interesting. More than two thousand parcels and packages a month tell their own story of just another H. & J. Smith service to the community.



## AN EFFORT—

An effort if it's made is nearly always well worth while . . . it might be just an effort to be friendly or to smile . . . it might be just a little thing or something really great . . . an effort's often needed or it may be

just too late . . . when things go wrong an effort made can often put it right . . . and make you see it once again in quite a different light . . . an effort made instead of feeling you don't care a lot . . . will mean a great deal to you and you'll find it helps a lot.





## ***The Job becomes more complicated—and more satisfying—***

—By L. W. SMITH.



We all know nothing in this world remains static, and this is true too in retailing.

All the changing economical circumstances governing the life of a community, all the fluctuating conditions of the supply and demand, and all the personal likes and dislikes of the buying public effect, and in some ways, control the way we must administer our business. But a short time ago, the greatest demand made upon us was to procure enough of the goods the public required and in this period, the emphasis was on buying. Now the changing conditions have produced an entirely new set of circumstances, and the emphasis has shifted from buying to selling.

This change must make additional demands on all retailers. It used to be enough that our Department Heads bought, and our Salespeople sold. Now the job has become more complicated, more exacting,

but far more satisfying. Now it is necessary for a Department Head to both buy the merchandise and to see that promotional events are fully thought out and fully carried out. To see that all his people are fully conversant with his ideas and that his available display space is utilised to its best advantage.

These days, a business must be staffed by people who are salesmen and sales promoters. They must not be content to satisfy the requests of the public, but must promote and suggest additional goods and services to our customers. They must do everything possible to widen the scope of their influence by making selling displays more effective and by presenting more goods in selling displays.

It is only by doing these things that we can meet the changing conditions of our trade and do the job that is expected of us.

### **Success Means Approval—**

Success brings more than money. It brings gratification at the thought that we have won public approval.

Success comes to us from others. If enough people like us and our

goods, then we need have no fear that we shall not make a good living.

A man who thinks only of himself will not go far. But as soon as he sets out to win the approval of others, then he is on his way to success.



# Through the Keyhole

—By AUNT TILLY . . .

*Who Hears All, Sees All,  
 . . . And Tells All !*

We've got a lot of hidden talent amongst us. For instance, have you heard Miss Heather Diack "play" the bagpipes ? . . . or Mrs. Alice Rodgers "render" a song . . . or Mr. Keith Rogerson "produce" noises from a violin ? You may never have the opportunity of seeing and hearing this remarkable trio because, under pressure, they have promised **not** to perform at any more parties this season.

\* \* \*

Do you know why a man is like a tack? He can go only as far as his head will let him.

\* \* \*

Staff members are now organising their annual ski-ing visit to Coronet Peak. "Service" hopes they will enjoy themselves and that some of them will return to the fold whole.

\* \* \*

Liberty is the right to elect people to make restrictions for you.

\* \* \*

In the Cafeteria, someone mentioned that the members of the sales promotion department had their heads together planning a big selling event. And someone else said, "Now the splinters will fly."

\* \* \*

Congratulations to Miss Lola Acker, again chosen as a member of the Southland Indoor Basketball team. Lola plays a very good game.



"Service" is always proud of our debutantes, and here is a very charming one. Miss Ailsa Whitmore was caught by the photographer in a pensive mood.

\* \* \*

It must have been the bright "good morning" smiles of the girls in the Underwear Department that completely bowled Mr. Hugh Miller over. When he got up he said, "you can laugh if you like, but it was very nice down there on the carpet. You've got to remember that it is not doing the things we like to do, but liking the things we have to do that makes life good."

\* \* \*

"I enjoyed my trip to Auckland, especially the visit to the Zoo—but unfortunately, I forgot to take an umbrella"—said Miss Myra Hall to the girls in the Cafeteria.





Congratulations—upon the birth of a daughter to Mrs. Murray Hurst . . . a daughter to Mrs. Robert Walker . . . a son to Mrs. Andrew Stevens. "Service" has "congratulated" the proud fathers on another page.

\* \* \*

A good listener makes more friends than a good talker. That is why Mr. Robert Riddell got off with a caution when the policeman caught him riding his iron horse without a light.

\* \* \*

"Unusual loquacity" is the only way we can describe the language coming from Mr. Alan Burgess when his van stopped in the middle of the tram line at a busy intersection and refused to shift until it was towed away to the garage with a flat battery.

By the time a man can afford to lose a golf ball, he finds it mighty hard to hit it that far.

\* \* \*



Two of our young corsetieres, Misses Valerie George (left) and Rachael Fowle went to the Berlei school in Auckland. They learnt a lot and they also enjoyed themselves very much. Yes, indeed they did.



#### Furnishing Department.

*Back Row.*—Messrs. M. Hamilton, S. Howard, B. Milne, H. Holland, H. Ferns, R. Walker and H. Walsh.

*Middle Row.*—Misses M. Allan, N. Brash, B. McDonald and Mr. A. Cotterell.

*Front Row.*—Mr. J. Hogan, Misses J. James, C. Anderson, Messrs. K. Murdoch, S. Stevens, Misses F. Dore, J. Wilson and D. Thomson.

(Absent.)—Messrs. M. Branks, H. Kelly, M. Hurst, R. Riddell and A. Burgess.

\* \* \*

Those adventurous spirits, Messrs. Keith Douglas and Allistar Cowan, have been out in the wilds—and how. It was intended to be a nice leisurely motor cycle tour through Central Otago and home again that night, but it didn't turn out that way. First, they had a breakdown and a lot of time was spent trying to fix it—until a kindly farmer came along and suggested they put the chain back on. When they got going again, their nerves were a bit frayed, they took the wrong road, darkness came down, and they were lost for the night. They have got the right spirit, those lads, because they intend to try again—but not if their worried relations and friends can prevent it.



## What a Pity !

The great lesson for every salesman is—courtesy—friendliness and politeness. What a pity that a lot of department buyers don't respond to the salesmen in the same kind of way.

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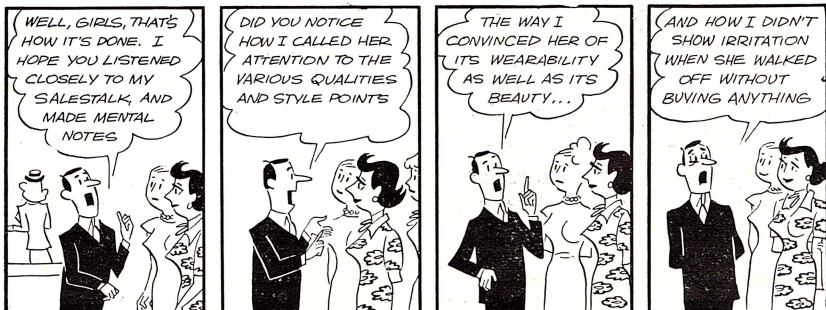
## Well, what do You Know ? (No. 27 of a Series)

*As a test of your knowledge of fabrics and merchandise,  
see how much of this Trade Quiz you can answer.*

1. What is Brocade ?
2. How would you distinguish the correct side of a serge suiting ?
3. What kind of dyes are normally used in Shetland tweeds ?
4. How would you classify the following suitings with regard to wearing properties: cheviot, worsted, saxony ?
5. Can you define a true flannel shirting ?
6. What is the weave and composition of the average worsted flannel ?
7. Are rayons sometimes loaded in the same way as real silk ?
8. What is the advantage possessed by warp-knitted fabrics ?
2. The correct side of a serge suiting is the one on which the twill runs diagonally down from right to to left (when looking at the material lengthwise).
3. In the main, no dyes are used in the manufacture of Shetland home-spuns. The wool is left in its natural shades which range from creamy white, through the greys, to "moorit," which is a characteristic brown.
4. Very briefly, suitings should be classified as regards wearing properties in this order: worsteds, cheviots, saxonomies. This is only true, however, when the relative qualities are similar. Naturally, a top quality saxony might be expected to wear better than a low-grade cheviot, and so on. There is no perfect cloth. A worsted wears excellently, but tends to develop a shine (the covered worsted with a milled finish is better in this respect). A cheviot gives good service but becomes threadbare under friction, and when it once begins to wear, its life is comparatively short. Saxonomies are soft and handsome cloths which

### WELL, WHAT DID YOU KNOW ?

1. Brocade was originally a heavy silk fabric with a woven pattern, usually floral, in gold and silk threads. The name is now applied to lighter weight fabrics with elaborate patterns developed on a simple ground weave. They are woven on the Jacquard loom in silks and rayons. One use is for dressing gown fabrics.



have not the stamina to withstand heavy wear. One of the salesman's jobs is to advise customers as to the most suitable cloth for his purpose.

5. A true flannel shirting is woven from woollen yarns throughout. Best qualities are made in plain weave from fully shrunk yarns with a slight twist. The cloth is compact and full-handling. The description flannel is now applied to many fabrics of the union type (wool and cotton mixtures, etc.), but these are not true flannels in the strict sense of the word.

6. Good quality worsted flannel is generally made from two-fold yarns in 2/2 twill weave. It is usually

given a slight milling to obtain softness and good handling properties.

7. Rayons are not weighted or loaded in the same way as real silk. The object of loading is to increase the weight of silk yarns by the addition of metallic salts. The relatively low cost of rayon makes this form of "boosting" unnecessary.

8. There are two basic forms of knitted fabrics : weft-knitted, which is similar to the hand-knitted effect; warp-knitted, which consists of a series of interlocking loops. The advantage of warp-knitting is that it greatly reduces the tendency to ladder. If a thread is broken, the loop construction keeps the fabric firm.



With traditional grace and dignity, Miss Maureen Dowling recently made her social debut. It was an exciting and happy event for Maureen, and she certainly looked the part.



Miss Margaret Ross looked lovely as a debutante—a picture of youthful charm : "Service" learns that Margaret is having a very happy social season and that is as it should be.



## *If you do these things for just one day, “Service” guarantees you’ll be happy—*

... Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people and to remember what other people have done for you ?

... To ignore what the world owes you and to think what you owe the world.

... To put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground.

... To see that your fellow men and women are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy.

... To own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life.

... To close your book of complaints against the management of the universe and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness.

... Are you willing to do these things even for a day ?

If you do, we think you will say to yourself, “Thank you, ‘Service’—now I feel much better.”



Our Fashion Artists.—  
Misses Fay Keane (left) and Jean Beadle.

## How to stay a Bachelor—

More and more victory-flushed brides are passing on in print the secrets of their success to jittery maidens who are still paying for an occasional meal of their own. I deem it fair, therefore, to make public my own system—which you may use entirely without obligation—for avoiding that bachelors' mirage called marriage. The perfect formula is, of course, don't go out with the girls. But I pass over this drastic expedient in favour of more practical advice: *ONE—Don't go steady.*

I know the rotation system is a lot of work and sometimes you forget which technique you are working on whom, but the lazy man who gets into the habit of going with one girl already has one foot in the cottage.

*TWO.—Don't be kind to children and dumb animals.*

I don't mean for you to go out of your way to kick them or tie

tin cans to their tails, but don't be openly enthusiastic. If there is anything that evokes a rising tide of tenderness in the female bosom it is the picture of a big strong man fondling a puppy or chucking a baby under the chin.

*THREE.—Issue dreary financial reports.*

In the presence of her father, complain bitterly about how hard you work for a pittance. Cross your legs casually and let him see the hole in the sole of your shoe. Borrow her mother's manicure scissors to trim your frayed shirt collar. Occasionally borrow ten bob from her and forget to pay it back—if she'll let you forget!

*FOUR.—Don't be your own lovable self around her mother.*

The downfall of many an otherwise careful young man has been being too attentive to what he soon discovers is his mother-in-law. Such



Dry Cleaning Receiving Depot.—

Mr. P. Hardy, Mrs. R. Petrie, Mrs. B. Cotterell and Miss I. Donaghy.





little courtesies as telling mother what a good cook she is and taking her along to the cinema once in a while have made many surprised daughters realise they were desperately in love.

*FIVE.—Beat her father at games.*

When the old boy takes you out to his club for a round of golf, try to win every hole, fight for every stroke and even cheat a little if you have to. If this doesn't convince him you are a cad get him into a card game for money and beat him soundly. If he accidentally wins, you can laugh and say "That was fun," and forget to pay him.

*SIX.—Make her friends dislike you.*

Sooner or later, she will have a group of her friends over to pass judgement on you. This is a critical moment, for if even one of them draws her aside and whispers, "He's so nice. Where did you ever find him?"—friend, you're cooked!

So, whenever there is a gang of her friends around and the girl of your dreams goes out into the kitchen, do card tricks for the women, disagree politically with the men, and ask if anybody happens to know whether your girl's father has money.

*SEVEN.—Don't be too generous or over courteous.*

I don't mean not to give her a Christmas present if you've failed to get her angry with you around that season of the year, but be sure to leave the price ticket on and be sure the amount isn't over a quid!

Don't be too generous with the little courtesies such as helping her on with her coat, lighting her cigarette, or opening a door for her. When a woman gets the idea she can get this type of service free for the rest of her life merely by coaxing

you into a church for a few minutes, she can make herself very, very attractive.

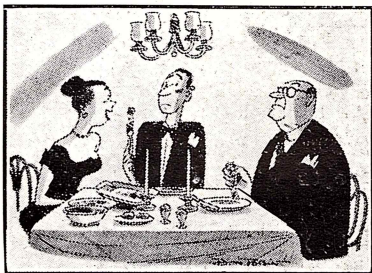
*EIGHT.—Appear unattractive to other women.*

One thing that will convince a woman that you are the man for her is to let her know some other woman is after you. Therefore, remark about how few young ladies there are in town and how busy they always seem to be. When she says she is going out with another fellow, act horrified at the thought of losing her. If this perks her up, intimate it is because you are too old to start looking around for other women.

If, after obeying the above instructions, she still melts when she looks in your eyes and your heart persists in accelerating when you look into hers, and you'd rather be with her than out with your pals, then hold on for a time and wait for further advice from me. On second thoughts, I can't help you—I'm already married.

\* \* \*

"Let me explain relativity," pleads the scientist. "If you are in a dangerous spot for four minutes it seems like four years. When you've got a pretty girl on your knee for four minutes it seems like four seconds."



"I'm sorry there's no more meat, Mr. Brown, but as Tom's boss, I'm sure you understand why."

## Thanks, Friend, for the Christmas Gift—

At Christmas, a friend sent me a book of poems. What with one thing and another, it was only the other evening that I opened it. As I turned the pages, I came upon these lines by William Drummond. I read them twice, and then again. Here they are—

*"When he, some heaps of hills hath  
over went,  
Begins to think on rest, his journey spent  
Till, mounting some tall mountain he  
do find  
More heights before him that he left  
behind."*

When you analyse these lines, you discover they describe the best business men and women you have ever known. They describe the good people at H. & J. Smith, Ltd. Good business people spend their lives climbing new heights and they enjoy doing it. If there was no new hills to conquer, their lives would be dull, devoid of interest, and a sense of achievement.

As I write this, I can think of a number of people in Invercargill and Gore to whom these lines apply—and not all of them, because of youth, are as yet, in positions of responsibility. But they will be.

—E.I.R.

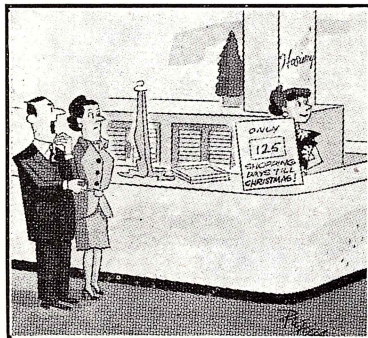


Always a cheerful greeting for everybody, always most obliging, win or lose, always the same—that's our Mr.

Ernest Mann.

\* \* \*

A sensible girl is never as sensible as she looks, because a sensible girl has too much sense to look sensible.



"Wait and see if it works before telling her to take it down."



**NOTE.**—If you don't know the story of the Combinations, this poem will mean nothing to you.

### Voila'—LES COMBINATIONS DE JEANNE.

*Move gently sweet Jeannie upon thy swift skis,  
Move gently I'll sing thee a song 'ere thou freeze,  
My money's on thee to crash in a heap,  
Move gently sweet Jeannie, and look ere thou leap.*

*Thy damp seat Jeannie, how softly it glides,  
And slides o'er the snow where a sharp rock resides,  
But rise not dear Jeannie in such consternation,  
Remember thou wearest a fine combination.*

*Ye wild wolf whose whistle resounds through the street,  
Ye flat-footed copper a'pounding thy beat,  
I charge thee take heed of our Jeannie a running,  
With combs. all a-flapping, how lovely, how stunning.*

*And if upon Queenstown she descends from the air,  
I charge thee, thou sparrows, take her in thy care,  
And if out behind some cloth weave a channel,  
'Tis no parachute there, but simply red flannel.*

.....



"We won't sell you a shoe unless it fits you perfectly."—Mr. E. Thompson, of the Men's Footwear Department.



Cosmetic Department—  
Misses O. Kidd and D. Flowers.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS FROM GORE . . .

Our basketball team, revived this year mainly through the enthusiasm of Miss Thelma Williams, whose initial hard work inevitably earned her the secretaryship, has had a most successful season so far in the B Grade competition in Eastern Southland. At time of going to press, the team was undefeated, a reward for faithful attendance at practice and for a good team spirit.

\* \* \*

Smith's had quite a stake in the parade of youthful feminine beauty and grace seen at the annual ball of the Gore High School Ex-Pupils' Association. Four of our staff—Misses M. Graham, B. Hoskin, F. Anderson and V. Gilder—were debutantes. Unfortunately, studio photographs were not available in time for this issue of "Service."

### MODERNISE YOUR INTERIOR

This is not a medical advertisement. It is at once the advice and invitation of a team of home decorators whose skill is exceeded only by their enthusiasm. Most jobs too big, none too small.

Reasonable overtime accepted.

DAVIES & HEADS  
Paperhangers Extraordinary.

\* \* \*

How delighted we were to welcome Miss Elizabeth Williams back after her holiday! Previously, it was hard to imagine what a difference one person's absence could make.

\* \* \*

Young men doing their army training are fast learning of the happy family here at H. & J. Smith, Ltd., whose feminine members are doing so much to boost morale by maintaining a constant barrage of letters.



Smith's (Gore) basketball team, at time of going to press, undefeated in the B Grade competition. From right—Misses H. Ussher, D. McKay, N. McKee, N. Tremaine, V. Gilder, C. Lamont, T. Williams, S. Williams and O. Hellier.





Talking of correspondence, we were intrigued to learn of a letter addressed to "Miss H. Ussher, c/o H. & J. Smith, Ltd., Main Street, Invercargill." This letter, we understand, was from a civilian who should be very well aware that Miss Ussher is a member of our Gore staff.

\* \* \*

Though most were taken by surprise, everyone was delighted when our ticket writer, Miss Avis Hellier, announced her engagement. We have never known anyone to work so silently and conscientiously during office hours and we are inclined to believe that, if she tackled her "homework" in similar fashion, her fiance can have had no worries.

\* \* \*



Miss Vivian Gilder, of our Children's Department, was one of four debutantes from our staff who "came out" at the annual ball of the Gore High School Ex-Pupils' Association.



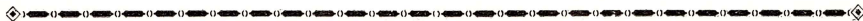
Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Rammelt on their wedding day—though it's taken us some time to get hold of this print. The bride (nee Agnes McMath) was a senior assistant for some years in our Fashion Showroom at Gore, where she was also a tower of strength at staff social functions. The groom was formerly on the staff of McArthur's Knitwear Ltd.

\* \* \*

Her Invercargill friends will be pleased to learn that Miss Shirley Williams has greatly improved in health since returning to Gore ; that is, if increasing weight is a reliable guide.

\* \* \*

On a recent evening, Mr. Brian Holland found himself locked in one of our Irk Street windows after 5.30 p.m. Just when he was deciding whether to accept the prospect of freezing to death or kicking his way to freedom through the plate glass, his plight was noticed by a fellow member of the staff and a last-minute rescue effected.





After the recent basketball tournament at Pukerau, our girls are of the opinion that they could play rugby much better than Mr. Tom Wills and Mr. Maurice Clement can play basketball. On the evidence submitted, "Service" is inclined to agree.

\* \* \*

There can surely be no keener supporter of the Eastern Southland Hunt's social activities than Miss Jessie Marshall. En route to one of the club's recent dances, she was not dismayed when the car got stuck, for she is a resourceful lass. Taking over the wheel herself, she persuaded the other passengers to get out and push until the engine started again; at which stage, fearing another stop might be fatal to her prospects of reaching the dance, she blithely drove on. We have not heard how long it took for the passengers to overtake her, if they managed it at all!

\* \* \*

If the advice of a well-meaning friend is acted upon, Miss Thelma

Morris will soon have two-piece nighties for sale in her department. That would put Smith's even further ahead as a leader of fashion.

\* \* \*

In the course of a day's sport, a chap can experience more than his share of embarrassment. Ask Mr. Ces Davies, of our Men's department. Visiting Invercargill some time ago to represent Eastern Southland at hockey and table tennis, he availed himself of the facilities at a leading hotel to spruce himself up after playing hockey in the mud. Sponging himself blithely under the shower and singing "We've Got To Put Some Shoes On Willie," he failed to notice the water rising around his ankles as the result of a blocked drain; but panic set in when he went to find his clothes. Our hero had "hung" them on the floor (how like a man!) of the next cubicle, and by this time, they were floating all around the shower room. We have not yet heard how Ces surmounted this crisis. Possibly he went to bed while the staff dried his clothes.



## THE SIREN CALL OF THE RUT—

My dictionary defines a "rut" as an "established course." I prefer to call it "the easy way" and if you want an easy, uneventful, dull life, get into a rut and stay in it.

The rut woos the young man most seductively. "Just come to me," it says, "and I will make you comfortable. See how easy I make things for those who love me. If you will only walk upright in my beaten path, you will never worry or get wrinkles or break your legs, and your salary

will be automatically increased on every New Year's Day." That is the call of the rut and ninety per cent. of young men think it sweet music.

Big organisations are not started and built by men whose chief love is security, who fear change, who think conventionally, who follow the crowd. Over and over again, many really successful business and professional men have made startling advances when they did what most of the others called foolhardy. The way that nearly everyone thinks is the right way is probably the one that is most in need of improvement.







*Now You Know Why a  
Woman Customer makes a  
Purchase—*

There is usually only one reason why a man buys, but with a woman it might be one of eight : (1) because her husband says she can't have it ; (2) it will make her look thin ; (3) it comes from Paris ; (4) her neighbours can't afford it ; (5) nobody has one ; (6) everybody has one ; (7) its' different ;

(8) "BECAUSE."

\* \* \*



Watch out you don't meet Miss Nan Hamilton coming down when you are going up.

On the snow-clad slopes of Coronet Peak (the best ski-ing ground in New Zealand), Miss Nan Hamilton has won for herself an honoured place. Last year Nan won the Southland Women's ski-ing championships and then went on to win the South Island event as well. She hopes to compete in both events again this year, and "Service" and all staff members wish her the best of luck.

## DOWN TO EARTH AGAIN—

Drapers and retailers in general are facing up this month to the latest — apparently inevitable — effect of recent economic trends, world-wide as well as national. In place of the import controls of Mr. Nash, we have the exchange controls of Mr. Holland. If the import controls could by any stretch of imagination be likened to a rose, then the exchange controls have much the same aroma — though the old adage could not be carried on to the extent of suggesting that the smell is sweet. Net result, as far as drapers are concerned, is that their scope in buying has been radically narrowed.

Just as inevitable, perhaps, as the controls themselves was the fact that the initial applications for exchange amounted to £274 millions as against the basic limit set by the Government of £172 millions. It is human nature, in these days of controls, to ask for something like twice as much as is expected to be granted. But the figure also emphasise that applications for luxury goods, as a broad principle, will be slashed.

So-called feminine fripperies— shoes, handbags and novelties from overseas—added life and colour to New Zealand shop windows late last year after the lid had been lifted to some extent off import control. The practical down-to-earth Anglo-Saxon official attitude to these things is that they are luxuries and un-essentials—despite what the psychologists may say about the need



for brightening the life of the New Zealand working girl and housewife. So it seems that we may have seen the last of these for a while at least.

Most important is the question of clothing. High-class fashion fabrics were allowed in last year. If they don't come again maybe only a small proportion of the public will be distressed. But the average person will be hit if the controllers decide against allowing exchange for British utility wear—well-made and handsomely finished, yet capable of being sold at low cost because it can be mass-produced in the British factories.

Meantime the controls appear likely to present the local manufacturers with opportunity and—at the same time—a big challenge. That they are well aware of this is indicated by their recent "Fashion Fiesta," biggest fashion show ever held in this country, at the recent Wellington show, when most New Zealand clothing manufacturers displayed their wares to good effect.

Be that as it may, retailers, up in the clouds last year, must obviously get down to earth again. Economically, it is no doubt perfectly sound that we should produce as much as possible of what we want in New Zealand, to keep our money at home rather than sending it overseas. But retailers will sigh for those good, brief, and not-so-old days when they could survey the shop windows of the world—and go in and buy.

—N.Z. Draper and Allied Retailer.



This demure and charming debutante is Miss Lennie Bradley, a popular staff member, usually more vivacious than she appears in the photograph.

\* \* \*



A happy informal snapshot of a very happy event. The beautiful bride is Lorna, daughter of our Mr. Phil Hardy (that's him in the picture). Lorna is a former staff member and Mr. Hardy is in charge of our Dry Cleaning Receiving Depot. The attendant on the right is our Miss Jean Beadle.



## ***“It is the impression you create with your first glance that makes the sale”***

Applying to men and women alike, and regardless of profession, every person in the world must sell themselves. An attractive, or pleasing appearance, never fails to go unobserved.

Most sales are made in the first five minutes. After, there is either lagging of interest, or loss of confidence in you, or in the product. Much can be accomplished in five minutes if you say the “right” things, and to say the “right” things is your responsibility.

Absolute belief in the product, or any merchandise to be sold, is essential, and it does not matter what article you are offering—you are on trial. In those five minutes, you must sell yourself as well as the merchandise, and remember, it is the impression you create with your first glance that makes the sale.

No one sells every prospect—even the super salesperson, but you can so impress your appearance, personality, and your honest enthusiasm upon prospective customers that they leave with a feeling of trust in you, which may well be remembered on another occasion.

A sale is nearly always sensed at the very commencement, but this can be quickly destroyed by bad

judgment. Being too anxious to sell, or the use of too much irrelevant talk has often eliminated all interest on the part of a prospective customer. And lack of interest on your part, or the need of the “right” approach, can kill your sale.

Selling, like a press advertisement, is the art of compelling the prospective customer, or reader, to *want* to buy what is offered. The simpler the statement—the quicker sales are made.

Dishonest, tricky statements, or wild representation, have no place in the art of selling. They are easily detected.

You must be equipped with complete knowledge of your product. The Department Manager should acquaint you with full information—first, why the article impresses him, secondly the quality, and thirdly the price. Bear in mind that you are the last contact between the customer and the Store, and therefore the most important link in the organisation—not just “the staff.”

Finally, feel the importance of your work—whatever it may be—and give more than you are paid for. You will find that it will pay large dividends.



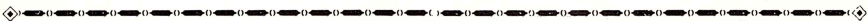
### **YOUR BEST MEMORIES—**

The sweetest of your memories do not concern your victories in *getting*. Instead, your best-of-all memories—all of them—are of your triumph in *giving*.

In giving what? In giving your

time, your inspiration, your talent, your interest, your appreciation, your love—as well as your means—for and to others.

And if you are *really* rich in contentment, it is in the knowledge that you have given such—and graciously.



# FATHERS' LITTLE DIVIDENDS . . .

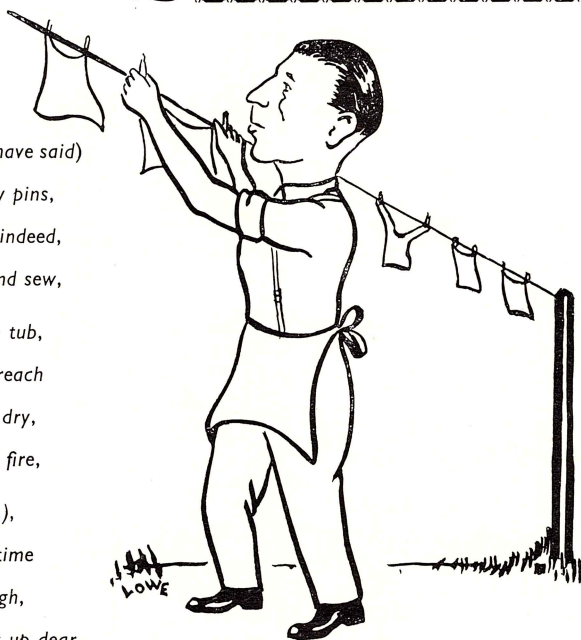
The time has come (our wives have said)  
To think of other things,  
Of naps and shawls and safety pins,  
And bootikins with strings,  
The time has come, ah, yes indeed,  
For Andy, Bert and I,  
And we must wash and cook and sew,  
—A case of do or die.

The time has come : into the tub,  
To wash and scrub a pile  
Of napkins that must surely reach  
Three-quarters of a mile.  
And then we cannot get them dry,  
In winter's watery breeze,  
So we must air them by the fire,  
All draped across our knees.

The time has come (at 3 a.m.),  
It cries, and there is yet  
Three hours to go to tucker time  
The hungry little pet.  
But half an hour is long enough,  
To put up with the row,  
And then "For Pete's sake get up dear,  
And feed the little blighter now."

The time has come, the Plunket says,  
To squeeze some orange juice,  
And fill it's little hotty bot,  
And swot up Mother Goose.  
No time is left unto oneself,  
But still it's not so bad,  
Despite the little ups and downs,  
It's nice to be a Dad.

—RIGGER MORTICE.





It is one of the most beautiful compensations of life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.

**CRAIG PRINTING COY., LTD.**

**Tay Street    •    Invercargill**